TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY.

Circuit Court.

W. J. Henson, judge; T. E. George, clerk. Terms of court—3rd Monday in February, and 4th Monday in May, August and November.

Officers.

T. C. Bowen,.....Com'th. Atty.
S. S. F. Harman,.....Sheriff.
H. F. Peery,.....Deputy Sheriff.
Wm. Bandy,..... " "
H. P. Brittain,.....Treasurer.
H. G. McCall,.....Deputy Treasurer.
T. H. Williams,.....County Supt. Schools,
Address, Snapps, Va.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor every Friday at 7 p. m. R. E. Elmore, pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH, Main Street. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. "Little Workers" Juvenile Missionary every second Sunday 3 p. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 11 a. m., second and fourth Sundays 7 p. m., fifth Sundays 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

NORTH TAZEWELL CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. Prayer meeting every Friday 7 p. m. T. J. Eskridge, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching second, third and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Preaching fifth Sundays at 11 a. m. Prayermeeting every Wednesday evening 7 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN BURKE'S GARDEN.—Preaching on first Sunday at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. S. O. Hall, pastor.

TAZEWELL PREACHERS COUNCIL Every Monday at 2 p. m.

SECRET ORDERS.

CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20 KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.
Meets first Monday in each month.
JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Gen.,
Acting E. C.
W. G. YOUNG, Recorder.

O'KEEFFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 26.
Meets second Monday in each month.
C. W. JONES, H. P.
W. G. YOUNG, Secretary.

TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.
Meets the 3rd Monday in each month.
R. A. CROCKETT, S. W.,
Acting W. M.
JNO S. BOTTIMORE, Sec'y.

DRINK LESS; GAMBLE MORE.

Habits of Men and Women Have Greatly Changed in Last Quarter of a Century.

Much more attention is now paid to the liver than was formerly the case, says the London Graphic. The doctors in recent years have traced many ills to drink, and have trained their patients to be abstemious. That is one of the causes of the decrease which has been referred to. Another is that the high-spirited man, who was "nobody's enemy but his own," who drank to keep his spirits up, is no longer a favorite. On the contrary, he is avoided. The increased habit of dining in restaurants has also acted as a check. It is to be observed, too, that the boisterous element has been almost entirely removed. Up to about 20 years ago "knocker-wrenching," "larking," practical joking, the hearty style of meeting which found expression in a violent slap upon the back, were not only tolerated, but popular. All that is discredited now.

On the other hand, there is much more gambling to-day than there was, though, so far as cards are concerned, the stakes are considerably smaller. Three estates lost in three nights in an incident which this generation is ignorant of. But almost everyone occasionally gambles in stocks and shares, and many make speculation their chief object in life. Bridge has become little less than a disease among women. Many of the latter spend most of their afternoons and evenings over the card table. At the clubs, too, bridge often commences early in the afternoon, while most of the gamblers in former days only began playing in the late hours of the evening.

ROBBER BEES DESPOIL HIVES.

Organize Raids to Descend Upon Their More Industrious Neighbors for Winter's Supply of Honey.

To the person who knows nothing about bees they represent the supreme type of industry, says the London Chronicle. But even the bee communities are disturbed by those of their own kind who break through and steal. Robber bees are always a source of anxiety to beekeepers, and in the autumn the marauders seem particularly active.

Having gathered no honey, or, at any rate, an insufficient supply for themselves, they descend upon a hive, kill its industrious occupants and carry off the golden treasure in an astonishingly short space of time. We know of a recent instance in which the attack was developed and the home bees killed in a couple of hours. Sometimes a hive will attack neighboring hive. In such cases the old straw "skip" was better than the modern arrangement, for a knife thrust through the top would break the comb and set the honey free, at which the thieves would instantly return to seal up their own store. It is not primarily in their industry that bees are human.

BRAIN VERSUS BRAWN.

Chicago Professor Takes Issue with Those Who Talk About Race Suicide—His Views.

Prof. Wilbur Jackson, dean of the school of education, Chicago university, believes that quality of population is more important than quantity, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

In a recent address he said: "The highest evolution is in quality, not quantity. I am not particularly disturbed by the hysteria of our strenuous friends regarding race suicide. In the course of evolution I believe that the race has passed beyond the stage of the rabbit and the rat."

The good sense of this is in marked contrast to much of the rhetoric on the subject.

When the country is new and sparsely settled brawn is wanted in large quantities to fell forests, clear land for agriculture and expel the wild beasts of the wilderness. When the country fills up and the problems of society press for solution brain of good quality is most in request.

The problems of civilization are complicated and intellect of rare quality is needed. If quantity is not so much in evidence in families, we have reason to hope that quality is not absent.

QUEER MATTED FIR TREE.

North Carolina Has a Great Natural Curiosity—Treetops a Man Can Walk Upon.

One of the greatest natural curiosities I ever saw is the matted fir trees of North Carolina, said C. R. Ball, of Raleigh, in the Washington Star. I have never found a botanist who could explain the phenomena, but there is a grove of fir trees on the side of Mount Mitchell, which, when they attain the height of eight or ten feet, begin to twine their branches and form flat tops. They grow in this way until the tops are perhaps 20 feet in diameter, and these have in some instances combined with the tops of other like trees, and a person can walk for a considerable distance upon these tops.

They are undoubtedly a species of fir, but wholly unlike the other firs which are plentiful in that section, except in appearance of foliage. I have taken several scientists out to see these trees and have not yet found one who had ever seen or heard of a similar growth. They occupy an area of only a few acres, and are found nowhere else in the North Carolina mountains.

AT LONG RANGE.

Cranky Man Uncorks His Contempt for Gunners to a Fellow Traveler.

"Humph," ejaculated the old crank, as he lifted his nose from his paper and turned to his neighbor on the left, who was gazing into vacancy. "Say, here's a new-fangled rifle that shoots seven miles—"

"Goodness! wonder if this car is within range?" broke in the other, as he ducked his head, relates H. S. Keller, in New York Times.

"Calm yourself, and don't dodge, by all means. Be easy and as comfortable as you can under the trying circumstances. If you get hit, your wife can collect damages from the company. Ever try to dodge a bullet?"

"Never; have you?"

"Not yet; but there's no telling how soon I may have to practice the trick. It's a bad habit, causes rheumatism and crick in the neck if you overdo the thing. All levity, aside, however, I am in favor of disarming the small boy with the putty shooter, as well as the fool idiot troubled with tan-colored-strabismus-visional-color - blindness, who sees nothing but tan when he's after deer! And I am most heartily opposed to the man with the fish horn. How does it hit you?"

"Never eat them."

"Heavens! horns?"

"No, fish."

"Say, suppose at this very moment a dumb, bull-headed idiot seven miles away, is rotting on his stomach, taking an eagle-eyed aim at the target over beyond the city? This car may be within range—don't dodge, sir, don't dodge. If you hear the ping of the murderous bullet, it's very likely all up with you, for you are in the happy hunting grounds. What I want is for some gunsmith of Moscow, Springfield, Ilion, or any other old place, to get up a rifle that will not carry a ball one inch from the muzzle, see?"

"But what would be the utility of such a gun?"

"It might be shy on utility, but it would be mighty hefty on futility. It would look very fine and comfortable accompanied by a merry deer slayer with $20 hunting boots, a sharp dagger worth ten plunks in his $40 belt, also a stern desire to shoot everything from a yellow bird up to a snag-tooth stump fence. The result in the end would be satisfactory; the smart Alick would pull the trigger and fill the atmosphere full of a bad smell and saltpeter. He could retain his fame and—

"Gone? Just as I commenced, too."

HOME-MAKING.

The Makers Thereof Are Not Always to the Manner Born and Training Is Needed.

A novel course has recently been opened in a training school of kindergarten teachers in an eastern city. It is called a course in home-making. Its prospectus recognizes the fact that the preparation for the most important industry in which women can engage has always been more or less haphazard, says Youth's Companion.

If a girl could make a loaf of bread and a cup of coffee, if she knew the beefsteak is bought by the pound and not by the yard, and that windows should not be washed outside in freezing weather, she was too often thought to be equipped for housekeeping—at least when the family was to consist of "just herself and her husband." The miseries of the first year of marriage, with so meager a supply of knowledge and experience, are written deep in the memories of many a husband and wife.

It is a good sign that a popular school has had the sense and the courage to establish a department where girls over 18 years old may study the house intelligently—its construction, its decoration and furnishing; housekeeping, with its expenses, its accounts, its marketing, its cooking and its laundry work; and finally the nurture and training of children, from the care of their physical needs to the selection of their games and their books.

We have acted too long upon the assumption that home-makers are born, not made. It is high time that we should at least make the experiment of teaching women expressly how to meet the varied demands of life in the home.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

The Larger View of Life as It Was Obtained at a Summer Resort.

Nowhere, probably, is there opportunity for more interesting character study than at summer resorts. One could fill a volume with the varied definitions of "vacation" as illustrated by the different persons whom one meets in a single summer, says Youth's Companion. Temperament, education, surroundings, companions, the state of one's health and of one's purse—these are only a few of the elements of the summer problems the results of which range all the way from keenest enthusiasm to complete boredom.

The group of guests in a house under the shadow of Mount Washington one summer contained, as does nearly every such group, both the enthusiasts and the indifferent. The bored one in this case was a showy young woman who dressed four or five times a day, and in the intervals sat about on the piazza and yawned. The other guests always met her curiously, but there was so clearly nothing in common between her and them that she was soon left to herself.

One day, apparently because she did not know what to do with the time, she went up Mount Washington. The morning was clear, but in the afternoon there were showers, and she reached the house wet and draggled and tired, her hair streaming about her face and her gay hat ruined. One of the guests who happened to meet her as she came in gave her a sympathizing glance.

"You had rather a bad day, didn't you?" she asked.

The result was electrifying. The young woman stopped eagerly.

"Oh, wasn't it wonderful!" she cried. "I never had such a day in my life! I didn't suppose there was anything in the world like it! When I got up there and looked off—all over the world, it seemed to me—oh, I can't tell you, but you know what I mean—how it just goes all over you!"

She looked up, pleading for comprehension of the stammering words, and then the other saw that her eyes were full of tears. Ignorant and cheap and shallow though she was, something had come to her on that mountain top, and her life could never be quite so poor and small a thing as it had been.

"It was just one of the summer incidents such as one meets everywhere," said the lady who told it, "but I sometimes think that that girl, whom we all looked down upon for lack of culture and refinement, brought me from her mountain top one of the greatest lessons of my life. Certainly I have never since been quite so ready to judge those who seem to care for only the cheap things of life. Perhaps for each of these, somewhere, her vision is waiting."

MUSIC AND WAR.

Gentle Art That Enthuses Men Long Associated with the Fighting Trade.

The gentle art of music has from earliest times been associated with the rude art of war. Joshua threw down the walls of an old city with the shofar. Troops march to music, they gain heart from it, it is the solace of their leisure, it softens the asperities of the camp, they rise and sleep, eat and move by call of the bugle. Many a wavering patriot, doubting if he owed the more of himself to his country or his shop when war broke out, has decided for his country when he heard the national anthem, says the Brooklyn Eagle.

In the great camps, during our little disagreement with little Spain, nothing brought the men of the north and south so suddenly and heartily into agreement as the playing of "Dixie" by the northern bands. The hoorah that went up when the band of a New England or western regiment marched through the company streets of a Georgia or Alabama command playing this inspiring anthem was worth going miles to hear. To discontinue military music would be to discontinue enlistments, make the life of garrisons spiritless and increase desertions. There would be little public interest in parades and ceremonies in which there was lacking the magnificent uproar of a dozen bands playing in different times and keys. And without public interest you cannot maintain an army.

And again, without military bands to serve as training schools and to gather musicians together, the cause of music itself would suffer. As Saint-Saens declares, the concerts by military bands have a part in popular education. They furnish the only good music that the masses hear. They cannot afford the opera, but they hear excerpts from it in the parks and on the streets, and enjoy them even better than our audiences enjoy the stage performance. To thousands in the tenements the evening and holiday concerts in the public squares are a delight and a relief from the dull, hard routine that is their daily life. Whatever France may do about it, and we doubt the report that France is to do away with military bands, we believe and hope that it will be a long day before the band—even the gutter band—disappears from among us.

Tin Oxide in Transvaal.

Veins of tin oxide have been discovered in the Transvaal which yield 67 per cent. tin.

Labor in Mexico.

Labor in Mexico is very cheap. Farm laborers may be employed at from 8 to 50 cents in United States currency per day, though in many parts of Mexico they are very scarce and unreliable.

Seeing the Sights.

"What is that large building across the street?" asked the stranger in a manufacturing town.

"That," replied the native, "is a cotton duck factory."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the stranger. "And have you a factory here that makes gutta-percha chickens for boarding houses?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Lost Revenge

By JAMES BUCKHAM

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A GREAT, lone rock rises like a miniature Gothic castle in the center of a Nova Scotian "barren." All about it sweeps the wide waste of marsh, carpeted with gray moss and bristling with stunted, wiry hard-hack. Off to the eastward, barely visible through encircling brush and reeds, gleams a shallow lake, like a silver platter lost in the grass. Desolation everywhere—desolation, solitude and silence.

A gray October sky was lowering over the barren when my guide and I entered it, coming suddenly out of the dark, thick woods. The sun was just going down in a bank of copper-colored mist on the distant horizon's edge. The solitary rock looming before us was the only object that broke the wide, monotonous expanse of the plain. "That," said my guide, "is Peter Pardeau's calling-rock. Many was the moose Peter called up and shot from there. And once, they say, he shot a white moose. I'll tell you the story in camp, to-night."

We trailed across the barren in a thread of a path through brush and moss—a path that none but a guide's eye could follow in the gathering twilight—and, skirting the northern end of the little lake, struck timber again, climbed a knoll, and came to a trim, peeled-log camp, with the quaint sign over its door—"What Cheer?" Good cheer it meant for us, that night, wet and weary and hungry as we were from a 12-mile walk through the pathless forest. The tight little stove glowed red-hot; the freshly cut balsam "browse" in the bunks gave forth its delicious aroma; the moose-steak from the pack simmered in the spider, and from the coffee-pot rose that fragrant steam which every camper associates with the feasts of the outdoor gods.

After supper came the pipes and the guide's story of Peter and the white moose, which, for the reader's sake, I must tell in fewer words than the guide used, as he leaned back against the logs, blowing long clouds of smoke across the stove.

Peter Pardeau, when he was a young man—so said the guide—loved a girl of his own Arcadian village, a wisp of white cottages nestling by the shore of St. Mary's Bay. Both young people were descendants of the old French settlers of the province, whose romantic story has been so beautifully told by Longfellow in "Evangeline." But Peter was not the only one of fair Theresa's lovers, for she was the most winsome girl in all the parish; and among the other suitors was a handsome, dashing, unscrupulous courier de bois, Gaspard Langlois by name, who vowed he would marry the maiden if he had to carry her away by force. This imposing fellow was Peter's only real rival, for, while she cared nothing for her other suitors, it was plain to be seen that Theresa admired Gaspard greatly, and was in danger of losing her heart to him in spite of the affection which had been growing up between herself and Peter since their childhood.

Peter's love affair was at this critical pass when he was suddenly called away to the states by the death of his father, who had gone to Boston with a cargo of fish, and caught a fever while lying in port there. During Peter's absence on the sad mission of bringing home his father's body for burial Gaspard succeeded in persuading Theresa to run away with him to Quebec, where they were secretly married. Gaspard, as it afterwards appeared, had poisoned Theresa's mind by certain evil stories about Peter, which, though false in every particular, had caused the foolish girl to believe her lover untrue to her. In a moment of bitter anger, jealousy and disappointment she had consented to requite Peter by eloping with his rival. All this Peter learned after it was too late to right the wrong done him. Gaspard and Theresa had disappeared; nor did they ever afterward return together to the village that had been Theresa's home. Of his sweetheart's fate Peter could learn nothing. She had utterly vanished out of his life. But her memory did not die, and as long as he lived the wronged lover vowed that he would revenge himself upon the hated Gaspard Langlois, if ever fate threw the chance in his way.

For many years, Peter Pardeau, exiled by a broken heart, lived the life of a forest hermit. His fame as a hunter spread far and wide. There was no one who could equal him in calling up the lordly bull moose in rutting time; none who could follow the trail of moose or bear or caribou so unerringly; none who could shoot a rifle or read the signs of the woods with such masterly skill.

It was not long before Peter Pardeau first began to use the great castle-like bowlder in the barren beyond Lost lake for a "calling rock." The shores of the lake were a favorite feeding ground for moose, and their trails led here and there across the great barren; but only Peter could call the wary bulls within shooting distance of the forbidding rock in the marsh. There was none like it,—none so seductive, even among their own kind!

One early October evening, gray, still, foreboding—Peter lay behind the cleft of the big rock, calling for moose. For a long time the weird sound floated away over the marsh and across the little lake without an answer. Then came a distant bellow, which gradually drew nearer and nearer, as Peter enticed the old bull with his deftly-plied birch-bark horn. At length the great creature emerged into the marsh, and, as it came on, Peter, peering bareheaded over his rampart of rock, saw with a thrill that set even his heart throbbing that it was a snow-white bull—the famous albino moose of the Barrio woods, the subject of many a startling camp-fire tale. To shoot the almost fabled albino moose would crown Peter's fame as a hunter and give him a name that would long survive in the traditions of the province. And this was, probably, the only chance he would ever have to perform such a feat.

The man fairly trembled with excitement as he pushed his long, old-fashioned rifle through a cleft in the rock and made ready to fire the shot of his life. The white moose was coming straight toward the rock where the hunter lay concealed. Peter crouched behind the rampart and, sweeping his horn low and close to the surface of the rock, gave one more muffled and seemingly retreating call.

As he slowly lifted head and eyes into the cleft once more he was amazed to see just emerging into the barren, beyond the big rock, the figure of a man. The newcomer was unarmed, save for an ax, and he carried a peddler's pack on his back. As he came in sight of the moose he stopped short and half turned, as if to flee. This brought his face directly toward Peter's hiding place—and instantly the hunter recognized him, in spite of the ravages of time, as the same Gaspard Langlois who had robbed him of his youthful sweetheart! Poor, degraded, and now, no doubt, alone in the world, fallen from his dashing splendor of voyageur and man of the city, how hardly, after all, had fate dealt with Theresa's successful suitor! Yet he was the same Gaspard Langlois, the man who had spoiled two lives, and destiny had at last cast him into Peter's hand.

The white moose advanced a few steps further and stopped, confronting the man who had suddenly emerged from behind the rock. Both seemed spellbound. Both were now within range of the deadly rifle of Peter Pardeau—the famous old rifle that had slain so many moose and caribou and bear! The long barrel shook in the crevice with a faint rattling sound. Peter turned it first on the man, and then back again on the moose. A fierce red spot blazed on each of the man's cheeks. His hands trembled like two wind-shaken autumn leaves. Revenge hissed, "Shoot the man, let the moose go!" Fame, the long-cherished mistress of the lonely hunter, whispered, "Kill the moose first—then the man. A moose can run faster than a man!"

The trembling barrel of the old muzzle-loader swayed to and fro. The spots blazed redder and fiercer in the marble cheeks of the hunter. Suddenly the white moose turned broadside—and a sheet of flame shot forth from the calling-rock. The moose sprang forward, then stumbled, and fell in a quivering heap amidst the hard-hack.

At the sound of the rifle's crack Gaspard Langlois raised his eyes in terror to the great rock. Peter had leaped to his feet and with frantic haste was pouring a fresh charge of powder into the long barrel of his rifle. By a subtle divination Gaspard recognized the man he wronged, and knew the meaning of Peter's deadly haste. That handful of sliding, tinkling powder was for him!

Gaspard Langlois dropped the pack from his back and fled toward the lake and the forest beyond. Like a snipe, flushed from a tussock or clump of reeds, he twisted and zigzagged in his flight, that the bullet might perchance speed by him to left or right, and bury itself in the oozy marsh. Peter worked himself up to the highest pinnacle of the rock, all the while driving home the patched bullet in the long rifle barrel. He toiled with fierce haste, but with deadly sureness. Not a motion was wasted.

All ready now, save the little copper cap to slip over the nipple! Peter fetched it out of his buckskin pocket with a swift motion of thumb and finger; but just as he was fitting it to the nipple he raised his eyes for the fraction of a second to mark his victim's whereabouts. Gaspard was just dodging into the shadow of the woods! The cap slipped and went tinkling down the slope of rock. Peter sprang after it, dropped down upon his knees, caught the rolling bit of metal and crushed it down over the nipple of his gun. When he rose, with the rifle pressed hard against his shoulder, the vast barren lay desolate and deserted. Not a living figure was anywhere in sight. Peter had won the fame he craved—but one little slip of the hand had lost him revenge.

So eventually he got his feet on a higher round of the ladder and started in a new life. He became a lawyer's assistant—to dig up evidence on the street; then a law student; then a full-fledged lawyer.

And finally at 25 he found himself fairly well educated, ultra worldly wise and self-confident, a power in city politics, a lawyer of recognized ability and a man of more than ordinary perception and education.

This was at 25. At 35 he had made his mark. He was a gentleman of presence and address, a lawyer much sought for and a politician whose knowledge of human nature and the conditions in the great cities was the marvel of the party leaders from New York to San Francisco. Incidentally he was a member of congress and an orator whose clean logic, ready imagination and convincing rhetoric always filled the galleries and drew tardy members to their seats when he held the floor.

Never had Robert Melbourne made a more brilliant or convincing speech than the one on the Bracken bill, and when he finished colleagues and opponents alike crowded around him with congratulations. It had been a bold position to take and required courage to defy criticism and censure, as well as ability to sustain his point. His effort accomplished the purpose. Despite the fact that public sentiment was opposed to the bill and party leaders were afraid of it because a corporation was its immediate beneficiary, Melbourne had thrown the great ultimate benefit to the people and the country in contrast with a mere present sentiment so strongly that it stiffened the backbones of the wavering members and the bill had passed immediately after his argument.

The bill was for the reclamation of a vast arid territory. It gave extraordinary powers and privileges to a corporation formed for the purpose on condition that a mammoth system of irrigation be established and maintained.

A great opposition had developed from two sources. On one hand the natural hostility of the public to grants to private corporations and the inevitable screaming of demagogic politicians and newspapers had aroused a clamor. From another source came a cry that had enlisted a more reputable and intelligent protest. In the plans to reclaim the wilderness it was necessary to wipe out the claims to title of an inconsiderable number of small settlers. These claims to title were very shaky and the value of the property involved was almost nothing. It was necessary to have a clean title to the entire tract and the bill provided clearly for the wiping out of the vague shadows of claims held by the squatters. This aroused a protest which helped out the demagogic anti-corporation wail until the opposition had become so formidable and the talk of "boodle" so great that many members who were really in favor of the bill dared not vote for it. He had assured himself that there were favorable votes enough if the members dared vote. So he had taken the floor at the last moment and met the opposition face to face—granted that a private corporation would be the beneficiary and that hundreds of settlers would be obliged to move on or perfect their title under the new conditions which presumed a tribute to the new company. Then he turned and pictured with master hand the transportation of a wilderness almost uninhabited into a garden spot teeming with life and overflowing with milk and honey—a trackless desert avoided by man and beast changed with an Aladdin's touch to an empire inhabited by happy and prosperous men and women and children and able to feed half the nation. And this Aladdin who was to do this was the new corporation and his lamp the countless thousands of gold dollars to be spent before the dream could be real. He showed the safeguards thrown about the rights of the people and the limitations placed on the company. He referred with scorn and contempt to the howlings of the opportunist demagogues and journalistic sensationalists which he said stood ever and always against every great constructive measure and every fearless step forward.

In a single touch he exploded the claims of the settlers and showed that they had no legal title whatever to the land on which they had squatted. He ended with a splendid peroration demanding that courage and honesty govern the votes cast and that the greatest good to the greatest number and the onward progress of the race should not be halted by timidity, sentimentality and demagogy.

The speech was a triumph of oratory and of human reason, and Melbourne left the capitol with the plaudits of his fellows and conscious that he had won a tremendous triumph.

He entered his office with a feeling of elation such as he seldom had experienced. He always maintained what he termed an "office" in connection with his bachelor apartments. His stenographer was already rattling off the speech on the typewriter. He always had his own stenographer take his speeches, as he liked to see them in cold type just as he made them. It helped him in self-criticism.

"They seemed to like the speech, Miss Wilson," he said, laughing in a self-satisfied way. "What did you think of it?"

The girl turned her serious face and clear gray eyes toward him, and after a moment's hesitation, replied:

"I think it was a very clever and a very eloquent and a very convincing speech, Mr. Melbourne, but I would have had my right hand cut off before I would have delivered it."

Melbourne paused in the removal of his gloves, and looked a trifle puzzled and amused.

"Why?" he asked. "Surely your clear head has not become tangled by these ranters."

"No, it isn't that," she replied, "and I cannot argue it with you, of course. But I was thinking of those poor settlers who have gone out into that wilderness and of all the toil and hardships they have gone through, and now Uncle Sam is to tell them as he told the Indians, 'Move on.' And they must go out and find other bad lands that nobody else wants and start over again and starve and suffer and endure. And they are so much older now and it means the same hard life for the younger generation and the one following that I fear. And the women and children have suffered so much."

Her eyes had grown softer and softer as she progressed and they were bright with tears as she stopped, her voice trailing off into something between a whisper and a sob at the last. Melbourne's face was serious and the amused expression had been swallowed up by the puzzled.

"What do you know about these people, Miss Wilson?" he asked.

"I—I lived among them once," she said as she turned to the machine and began to rattle the keys.

Melbourne passed into his inner office, sat down at his desk and went to work at his papers. His face was still serious and every now and then a look of annoyance would steal into it.

The months sped by. The Bracken bill became a law and was attacked by an attorney representing the settlers. The irrigation corporation retained Robert Melbourne as chief counsel, assisted by the ablest lawyers in the country. The matter was rushed into the supreme court to ascertain the constitutionality of the provisions of the law that deprived the settlers of their claim to the land they held. Melbourne took a great interest in the case, as it promised to be a famous one, and a victory would give him wide prestige. He worked hard and diligently on the brief and ransacked the law books night and day for precedents. His stenographer wrote and rewrote the various paragraphs over and over again. Once in awhile as he glanced at her grave face and calm eyes a doubt would possess his mind, but he would dismiss it and plunge into the work harder than ever.

At last the brief was finished and Melbourne asked Miss Wilson to read it to him. It was a habit of his to have her do this while he sat with closed eyes and tried to pick a vulnerable point. He could not find the suggestion of a flaw in this one.

"Well, Miss Wilson," he said, "I call that a work of art. I can't see how they can get away from those propositions, do you?"

"No sir, I do not," she replied, "and it certainly is a work of art. But I would rather that my brother, or my father, were in their graves than that they should do that thing—even with all the fame it would bring them."

He looked at her intently for a moment, then rose abruptly and went out, saying:

"I am going out of town for a few days—maybe two weeks. Put the brief in the safe. I will be back in time to file it."

It was fully two weeks before he returned. When he did he asked Miss Wilson to bring him the brief in the Bracken case. It was in the late fall and a fire was burning in the open grate. He glanced the brief through and tossed it into the blaze.

The girl started and looked at him in surprise.

"I have been out there among those people," he said, regarding her intently. "And I have resigned as counsel in this case. I have learned many things I never dreamed of in the past two weeks. Among them that I need a conscience and a heart to balance what few brains Providence gave me. And I have learned that that conscience and that heart which I need is personified in you. I need you, Miss Wilson—Clara will you help me place my life and my motives on a higher plane?"

The world was scarcely less surprised at Robert Melbourne's resignation from the Bracken law case than at his marriage to his stenographer. But Melbourne had many other surprises in store for the world.

Enthusiastic members of London's Audubon society propose a law to authorize the confiscation of all hats decorated with the skins of song birds.

AN ECHO DOCTOR.

Expert in Washington Who Guarantees to Repair Acoustics of Any Building.

An echo physician is the latest addition to the ranks of professional men in Washington. Some time ago a young college graduate hung out a sign that bore, beneath his name, the inscription, "Expert Acoustician."

That this doesn't convey much to the average mind is evinced by the number of strangers who call at the young man's office just to find out what an expert acoustician may be, says a report from that city.

Recently the owners or managers of every theater and hall of any size in Washington received an advertising booklet from the expert acoustician, a portion of which read as follows:

"Echoes removed. No reconstruction involved. Sound volumes strengthened, softened or altered to suit without inconvenience or interruption of business. Quick work and accurate results guaranteed. Reasonable rates."

To anybody who ever owned a theater or music hall with acoustics that wouldn't behave the above announcement is considered sufficient to explain what the young man proposes to do; but the expert had been called upon more than once to explain that his business does not include the extermination of echoes from mountains, caverns and the like, and in fact that he doesn't propose to bother with any outdoor echoes.

But he says that he can doctor the acoustics of any room, hall or theater and that the result can be accomplished without so much as scraping the paint.

He accomplishes his results by the application to different parts of the hall whose acoustics he had been called upon to doctor of padding, rugs, carpets, draperies, hangings and the like. According to his statements a hall can be filled with all sorts of upholstery without remedying its acoustics in the least, while the proper location of sound assimilators, buffers and the like will accomplish wonders.

The usual duration of an echo in a properly constructed theater or hall is between 1½ and 2½ seconds. Some halls that the expert acoustician cured by his sound assimilators had six, seven and eight-minute echoes.

"The doctors keep the undertakers busy," he remarked, "and I'm sure the architects will leave enough sick acoustics in their wake to make my business as an echo physician a profitable one."

Private Jenkins' Idea.

A British military journal relates the following incident: Capt. Jones (giving a short lecture to the recruits of his company on their demeanor in public)—"Suppose a civilian should make offensive remarks to soldiers in a public house and try to induce a quarrel. The well-conducted soldier should drink up his beer and go quietly away." After his address he questions his audience to ascertain if they have comprehended his remarks. "Now, Private Jenkins, what should you do if you were in an inn and a civilian wanted to quarrel with you?"

Private Jenkins—"I should drink up his beer, sir, and 'ook it!"

His Observation.

"Your first duty as a lawyer," said the old judge to the young attorney, "is to see that justice is done."

"Oh, of course," rejoined the youthful disciple of Blackstone. "I've noticed that the lawyer who succeeds in doing her the oftenest gets the biggest fees."—Chicago Daily News.